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### MOUNT JOLIET, ILLINOIS,

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT, in his travels in the central portions of the Mississippi Valley, gives us the following interesting account of his visit to Mount Joliet, in the state of Illinois. We now took up our journey across the plains. The day had become sultry, and we suffered much from the combined effects of heat and thirst. We had on no part of the route, found the proportion of forest so limited. Fields of prairie frequently spread before the eye, like the boundless expanse of the ocean, and the vision is as soon limited. The eye passes over this unvaried surface, often "glancing from earth to heaven," without finding any prominent object to fix upon. Its apparent boundary is the horizon. This monotony of prospect would soon become tiresome, were it not occasionally relieved by small streams of clear water, by limited forests of timber, and by gentle elevations in the surface, which serve to stimulate attention. The slightest changes in the features of the country, or in the complexion of the soil, under such circumstances, become interesting;—and the transitions from arenaceous to loamy—from dry to humid soil, and from black carbonaceous mould to loose pebble-stones, as they appear in the deep-cut horse path, are sources of gratification, in a country whose prominent asperities are all deeply buried beneath alluvial plains. The sudden starting of a prairie-hen, or "whirring pheasant" from the heath, or the bounding of a deer on the distant plain, are circumstances which the memory seizes upon, in the common dearth of local interest. So vigorous a

growth of grasses and flowering plants, covers these plains, that in several places we found them to overtop our shoulders, sitting on horseback;—a proof, if any proof were wanting, of the strength and richness of the soil.

It has been observed, that the first effects of the plenitude of inhabitants is the destruction of wood; but the culture and creation of forests will here demand the earliest attention. It appears very evident, that these grassy plains were formerly covered with forests of timber. There is no country in the world better adapted to their growth. Whether these ancient forests were burned down by fire, as some have supposed, or destroyed by water, as others maintain, may be an interesting topic of discussion to the geologist:—But the farmer and planter are chiefly concerned in the restoration of the stock and the promotion of its growth.

We entered the strip of woods which forms a margin to the Au Saubles, one of the tributary streams of the Illinois, during the most intense heat of the day, and enjoyed its refreshing shade for a few moments. Ten miles beyond this pellucid little river, we halted, and dismounted in the plains, and made a short excursion on foot to *Mount Joliet*.\*

Any prominent swell in the surface of the soil would appear interesting and remarkable in so flat a country, but this would be considered a very striking object of curiosity, in a region of inequalities. It is, strictly speaking, neither a mountain nor a hill, but rather a mound, and the first impression made by its regular and well-preserved outlines, is that of a work of art. This alluvial structure is seated on the plains, about six hundred yards west of the present channel of the river Des

\* This monumental elevation takes its name from Sieur Joliet, who was sent by M. Talon, the Intendant of New France, to accompany Father Marquette, in his search of the Mississippi, A. D. 1673. They entered this stream through the Wisconsin, and then followed its current. It is not certain how far they descended, but it is evident they passed the junction of the Missouri, and some assert that they went to the mouth of the Arkansas. On their return to Canada, they followed up the Illinois, and have left us the first notice of this mound, which they ascended. (Vide Charlevoix's *Hist. of New France*.)

Plaines, but immediately upon, what appears to have been, the former bank of this river. Its figure, as seen at a distance, is that of a cone truncated by a plane parallel to the base, but we find on approaching, its base describes an ellipsis. Its height we computed to be sixty feet. Its length about four hundred and fifty yards, and its width seventy-five yards.\* The top is perfectly level. The sides have a gradual and regular slope, but the acclivity is so great that we found the ascent laborious. There are a few shrubby oak trees on the western side, but every other part like the plain in which it stands, is covered with grass. The materials of this extraordinary mound are, to all appearance, wholly alluvial, and not to be distinguished from those of the contiguous country, from which it would appear, they have been scooped out. It is firmly seated on a horizontal stratum of secondary limestone. The view from this eminence is charming and diversified. The forests are sufficiently near to serve as a relief to the prairies. Clumps of oaks are scattered over the country. The lake Joliet, fifteen miles long, and about a quarter of a mile wide, lies in front. There is not perhaps a more noble and picturesque spot for a private mansion in all America. Few persons will choose to pass it, without devoting an hour to its examination, and few will perhaps leave it, without feeling a conviction that it is the work of human hands. It has been remarked by Dr. Beck, that this is probably the largest mound within the limits of the United States.†

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#### THE ELOQUENT MUST STUDY.

The labors requisite to form the public speaker are by no means duly appreciated among us. There is nothing like the ancient estimation of this work. An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind are the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfoldings of a sudden thought, the brief visitations

\* These measurements have relation only to the top. Its base is of course much larger.

† Gazetteer of Illinois and Missouri.

of a fortunate hour or evening, the flashings of intuition, or the gleanings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain.—And eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition, to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was a three hours' work. Now it is not enough to maintain, that nothing could be more injurious to our youth, than this way of thinking; for the truth is, that nothing can be more false. The mistake lies, in confounding with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labor of putting them on paper, the long previous preparation of mind, the settled habits of thought. It has taken but three hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry, or a fine speech; but the reflections of three years, or of thirty, may have been tending to that result. A man cannot write with fury, and write with sense too, without much previous thought. He may write with folly, and that is often done. He may imagine that he is writing finely, because he is writing fast, and that his sounding pen flies over an inspired page; and that is likely to result from the absurd application of the maxim, that happy efforts are hasty ones. Genius is thought, is study, is application. The two simple, but magic words, which contain the secret of Newton's greatness, according to his own explanation, are 'patient thought.' There is not a more indispensable characteristic of genius than good sense. It is this that has given to the true works of genius, universal reception and immortal fame. And here, too, is indicated the rock on which thousands have split. Many men have a powerful imagination, but they have not the 'patient thought,' the good sense requisite to control it. They have not learnt, in 'the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, to acquire and beget the *temperance*, that may give it smoothness.' We wish that we could see an analysis of genius on these principles; that we could see unfolded all the previous thought, the patient study, the thorough reflection, the fine discrimination, that are necessary to produce even a page of really fine writing.

It would be a useful lesson. It would teach our aspiring youth, that they never can succeed without labor; that it never will do to trust to irregular, hasty efforts; that they might as well expect literally to command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy as without philosophy to wield the lightnings of eloquence. They ought not to have this power without laboring for it, without waiting patiently at the shrine of that industry which alone can give it. The gift is too great, too high, to cost them little.

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HOPE.

"Immortal Hope,  
Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,  
And makes a welcome harbor of the tomb."—YOUNG.

There is, perhaps, no feeling which the human breast cherishes, so nearly connected with its happiness as that of Hope. And it was mercifully appointed that in a world, whose brightest visions of felicity prove but the shadow of a shade, whose past pleasures, while they feast the memory, leave the heart aching with a sense of their desertion, and whose present enjoyments vanish ere they are grasped, and wither ere they bloom, some more enduring realities should be held out to the anticipation of the spirit, fainting under weariness and disappointment.—When sin had entered within the bowers of Eden, and the primal curse had been pronounced, on the parents of the human race, Hope, the young and beautiful offspring of untainted joys, sojourned with the exiles, and attended on their wanderings. She cheered them with the song of future and happier days, pointed them to the horizon of eternal life, and showed the first glimmerings of that bright and morning star, which should rise on Bethlehem and set on Calvary, but whose brightness should remain, and whose memory should live, till eternity had lost itself in its own vastness. Since then she has trod a thorny path, and partaken deeply of the wretchedness of the world, which she came to solace and to cheer. Time was when she could have flown, over the obstructions of her path, but the cruelty of men has bound her wings, and her feet have bled among the briars of the wilderness.

It has been the Christian bosom which has cherished best this worn and wandering pilgrim—while the pilgrim in her turn has warmed and cheered the bosom that gave her shelter. And while Hope has listened to the tale of sorrows which the suffering children of humanity have poured into her ear—her eye has kindled with the brightness of immortality—her voice has trembled with the inspiration of prophecy, and she has infused into their ‘song, in the house of their pilgrimage,’ the joy and peace of believing, and the assurance of eternal salvation.

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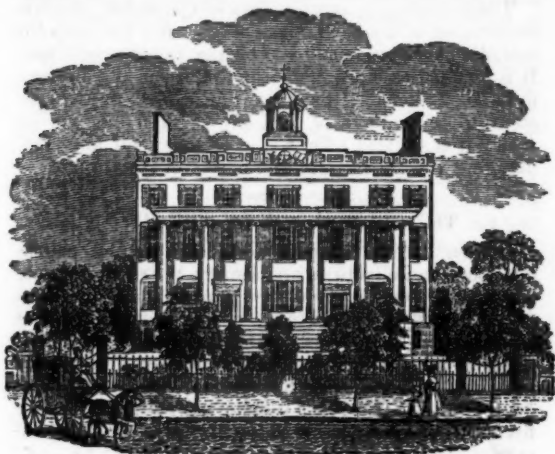
#### MILMAN'S CHARACTER OF THE HYMNS OF DAVID.

They excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression, than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them, the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior poet of a sterner age) they have entered with unquestionable propriety into the ritual of the holy and perfect religion of Christ. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people, as they wound along the glens or hillsides of Judea, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world, in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America, and the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections into unison with their deep devotional fervor.

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#### THE WISE MAN.

The wise man does three things. He abandons the world before the world abandons him; he builds his sepulchre before it is time to enter it, and does every thing pleasant in the sight of God before he is called to His presence.



BROOKLYN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG  
LADIES.

BROOKLYN, NEW-YORK.

This flourishing and ably conducted Institution was incorporated by an act of the state Legislature in April, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine. The whole of the capital, thirty thousand dollars, was expended in the lands and buildings the following year. It is designed to afford *Young Ladies* the same advantages in acquiring an Education that are enjoyed by the other sex in our colleges: and from the high reputation of the Principals, ISAAC VAN DOREN, A. M. and I. L. VAN DOREN, A. M. we are persuaded that the friends of the Institution will have all their reasonable expectations realized—the Principals are assisted by five competent professors, and seven instructresses. The number of pupils the last year, was, we believe, one hundred and seventy-five, and if we are correctly informed, seventy-five young ladies can be accommodated with board in the family of the Principals.

The preceding is a correct view of the edifice, which is constructed of brick. Length seventy-five feet, breadth including the portico and rear piazza, seventy-eight feet. It is four stories high, including the basement, and contains forty rooms. It is justly considered as an ornament to the village of Brooklyn. The heights on which it is situated affords a most delightful and commanding view of the city and harbor of New-York.

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#### THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

Contemplating the good effects of a regular education, both on individuals and society, it is perfectly natural to suppose, that it is the greatest source of entertainment and happiness to the one, and of stability and independence to the other. But, speaking of individual good, its admirable effects on the mind may be readily perceived. The man of cultivated understanding, what does he enjoy? Why, his mind is not circumscribed by his native city, or village, or mountain; but it takes excursions through the universe, reviews times long since past, and, I had almost said, anticipates those to come. By the help of history and observation, man familiarizes to his mind the manners and customs of all nations, ancient and modern, contemplates the rise and fall of empires, admires the stupendous and inscrutable plan of a superintending Providence, and traces, the human character, as it is regulated by different circumstances, climes, or governments. If we possess minds well cultivated, we have an inexhaustible fund of entertainment within ourselves. We may form a proper idea of the surface of our earth, and the situation of its different countries with respect to each other, and lose ourselves in the contemplation of the various revolutions that have occurred, and scenes that have been witnessed on it since the world began. Thus, we cannot peruse the records of ancient nations, nor those of our own times, nor even look around us, without learning useful lessons for the regulation of our conduct, or the melioration of our hearts. Are we in prosperity?—we have sufficient examples to make us moderate. Are we in adversity?—we have sufficient to make us



resigned and dignified. In short, whatever be our lot, a little reflection will show us that others have been as we are.

By clear and expanded views of men and manners, we insensibly gain a knowledge of the human passions, and of the moral government of the world; our minds, become filled with a universal philanthropy for our species, and we are affected at the woes of others. But again—admitting a superintending Providence, (and the more we see, and learn, and know, the more we are convinced of this important fact,) we cannot but feel grateful for his gracious designs in our redemption and preservation, knowing our own degeneracy, and the degeneracy of our species, and perceiving that the annals of all countries are blended with the most intolerant principles, and the blackest crimes. But these reflections are not to be despised, if they open our eyes to the depravity of our natures, and, through those who have long since quitted this stage of existence, exhibit the mirror of our own conduct. They are produced by learning and meditation; and those qualities which give more accurate and comprehensive views of the deformity of our natures, can certainly arm us against the follies of others who have gone before us, and make us firmer in our purposes of living well. These are a few, and but a few, of the benefits resulting from a cultivated mind.

If we take another view of the subject, we shall find the effects of a good education equally favourable to the establishment of genuine happiness among mankind. Education produces a noble independence of mind, superior to the casualties and accidents of life, making men above being moved to take revenge for injuries received, and unwilling to live useless members of society. To independence it adds pleasure, and to pleasure respectability. It must be gratifying for a man to retire within himself, to collect, and arrange his thoughts, and to express them in a forcible and elegant manner. This truly is a qualification of which every man may be justly proud—a qualification which will gain a man respectability and honor, and be a source of daily gratification and delight. This world is apt

to countenance wealth, and to be very officious and fawning to the man possessed of it, even though he should be scarcely able to write his name, or to read a chapter in his Bible. But the paltry meed of its praise is often insincere, and generally misapplied: in such cases, it is a man's possessions, not his person or endowments, that are besieged with false flatterers. And it is also worthy of remark, that its praise is commonly as precarious as it is worthless. "Riches make themselves wings, and fly away;" and what must be the predicament of that man who has placed his whole reliance upon them, when they leave him, and he has nothing internal to which he can have recourse? The truth of the old proverb is demonstrated in him, 'Learning is better than house or land:' for internal or intellectual wealth will remain with a man in all his fortunes; the honours which it creates, and the pleasures which it bestows, will be more creditable and lasting than the most affluent fortune can confer.

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#### A SKETCH FROM THE BERMUDAS.

SOMERS ISLANDS.—BY REV. J. MARSDEN.

These romantic emeralds on the Western Ocean, so far as climate is concerned, have a most Eden-like appearance. All is miniature beauty; far, very far, from the wild and natural grandeur of America. The violet is not more unlike to the sturdy oak, nor the pink to the tall pine, nor a grain of sparkling sand to one of the huge Andes, than the Bermudas are to that gigantic continent, in its majestic and boundless forests.

Many of the houses in the Bermudas have a little garden, the avenues to which are fringed with jessamine and roses. The pride of China is often planted near the front, and, with its green and umbrageous branches, forms both an ornament and a cooling shade. The buildings, which have no taste or symmetry, are perfectly white, and, when seen at a distance, rising in the midst of green, have an agreeable and pleasing appearance. Within the enclosure round the mansion are fig-trees; bananas, pomegranates, and, in some cases, orange, shaddock, and limes: but human art has done

little; it is the beauty of the climate, that chiefly makes December as pleasant as May.

Beneath skies for ever blue, the fig-tree puts forth its lovely blossoms, and the orange and the pomegranate spread their swelling fruit. The balmy air is scented by groves of cedar, and in the fields and woods the aloe plant attains the full measure of its growth. The tamarind tree, and mulberry, expand their dark foliage over the sunny scene; and the tall and slender palmeto shoots up in the valley, with its broad diverging leaf. But what is far nobler than all the tiny beauties of nature on these lovely islets, the fair light of truth hath shined with a serene ray; many a negro's cottage has been made glad with the tale of the Cross, and the sweet little landscapes have been rendered still more lovely by the beauties of holiness.

At what time the gospel was first introduced into these green dots on the ocean, I cannot say. Mr. Whitfield visited them in 1744, to recover his health, and at that period preached with his flaming eloquence the doctrines of salvation by faith; and that some blessed fruit budded from the seed then sown, the following little incident will testify.

The writer of this narrative was one day riding through the cedar groves, on the road that leads from Hamilton to St. George, with Mr. W., a merchant belonging to the former place, when his friend invited him to visit a lowly and mean cottage in the bosom of the grove, to pray and converse with one of the oldest female inhabitants of the islands, a widow, and a Christian of the New Testament school. They entered the habitation, where all things within bore the impress of extreme poverty; an old woman, nearly seventy, was waiting upon her mother, a remnant of mortality, who was laid upon the only poor bed the cottage contained. The mother was between ninety and one hundred years of age, and stone blind; I approached her bed, and taking hold of her withered hand, addressed her, and inquired what were her hopes of that solemn futurity, on the brink of which she seemed to totter.

Though dark and bed-ridden, the sound of such a theme seemed quite familiar. "Christ," said the old

woman, "is my only hope; I trust, through his dear merits, to depart in peace, and I am not afraid to die. He hath died for me, and I can trust my soul into his blessed hands."

"When," I asked, "did you find the knowledge of this Saviour, of whom you speak with such confidence?" "Sixty odd years ago," said the aged believer, "did that venerable servant of God, Mr. Whitfield, visit these islands; and, as he often stood in the open air, I, among others, went to hear him. He preachad on that text, 'Wilt thou go with this man? and she said, I will go,' Gen. xxiv. 58. All were silent, till a negro called out, 'Will none answer massa?' My desires were drawn with a cord of love; his earnest address, enforced by many tears, melted my poor stony heart, and from that time I became a follower of the Lamb. Sixty years have rolled over my head since that period, but he hath been my comfort by day, and my song in the night season. I have long been a widow, but his promises have been my support, and I know he will not forsake me in my old age, and now my strength faileth." After kneeling by the bed-side of the old saint, and leaving a blessing with the daughter, we resumed our ride.

In musing upon the subject of this visit, Here, thought I to myself, is one of God's hidden one's; the seal of a faithful ministry. In the great day of final audit, how many will be found who have received the word in the love of the truth, but of whose conversion to God, the faithful labourer of the cross will never know in time. They shall, however, meet again, and shine as stars in the crown of those holy men, by whom they were gathered into the Christian fold.

Here was a jewel unknown to the church, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." "While pampered luxury is straining the low thought to form unreal wants," this precious old saint, having nothing, yet possessed all things. Thus, "many a flower is born to blush unseen;" yes, but not "to waste its sweetness on the desert air." In the sight of Jehovah, the gems of the east were not so precious as this aged widow's tears. Neither the roses of Damascus, nor the gardens

of Hesperia, diffused half the fragrance of her humble prayers, which in broken accents, interwoven with sighs, found out their way. Her praises were more symphonious in the divine hearing, than either the poetical chiming of the spheres, or the thrilling lyre of old Memnon, breaking the silence of the dawn, and saluting the first rays of the rising sun. Mines of gold and silver bear no value in God's eyes, compared with that believing love, which, like a precious link in the chain of grace, bound her to the cross of Christ, to him her soul loved.

How many such are scattered over the wide world, as roses among thorns, or lilies among weeds; but they are known to God in all their solitary affliction; and, though pressed down by poverty and pain, hope in the Lord sheds a cheering radiance over their solitary path, and opens the beautiful vista of future glory, through the cross of Him who has claimed the poor as his family, and identified himself with the humblest of his suffering followers.

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#### MOONLIGHT.

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,' is one of the most picturesque and striking passages in all Shakspeare. It conveys an image of placid serenity, of harmonious repose, such as the mind loves to dwell upon, and invites a train of associations fraught with the gentle and beautiful things of nature. The silent night—more eloquent in its silence than a thousand voices—the quiet landscape stretching far away into dimness and obscurity—trees whose foliage seem immoveable and flowers whose hues are indiscernible—the gliding brook

"Which to the gentle woods all night,  
Singeth a sleepy tune,"—

hill tops rising in the distance like huge towers whereon the guardians of peace hold their watch undisturbed, and near at hand dew drops glimmering and glistening like diamonds profusely scattered o'er the lap of Nature—these are some of the features of a scene which

makes the beholder rejoice in his perceptions of beauty, and pour forth thanksgivings that his feelings vibrate in unison with the harmonies of God's creation. Who that has sat in the still evening, when the discords of the busy day were hushed, and Toil had ceased his occupation and Labour laid down to rest, who that has thus sat watching

'Heaven's eben vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon in cloudless grandeur roll'd,'

but must have felt the softening influence of that hour and time steal upon his heart, and attune his sympathies to universal charity and love. Then the purest and holiest impulses of our fallible nature are awakened; then affection comes gushing out of the bosom, sanctifying and hallowing every object upon which it falls; then the soul, inspired by surrounding glories, bows before the Almighty Maker, and worships in silent but fervent adoration.

The blessings of moonlight are every where felt and experienced. Upon the hills, in the valleys and by the brook side, it pours its richest treasures; but in the narrow lanes and crowded suburbs of large cities its visitations are not less welcome and refreshing. The hovel which in the broad Sunlight was loathsome and disgusting to the eye, when tinged by the mellowing beams of the summer Moon, wears an aspect of comfort and serenity, and the rough and rugged masses which offended by their presence, beneath its influence, are softened into objects of peculiar beauty. Walk through the streets when all are sleeping but the watch-eyes of the night, and no sound is heard but the echo of your own footsteps—mark the moonlight resting on roof and spire—look at the contrasted light and shade—here a gloom and there a glory—which extends far as the eye can reach along the broad pavement, and if you do not feel both awe and admiration, be assured there is no music in your soul;—no aptitude or relish for the refined delights of Nature.

In the mighty forest how picturesque the moonlight stealing through the dense foliage, and resting in broken patches on the sward beneath—in the lonely desert how

rible—on the great deep how wonderful! Who can view the moon gilding craggy rocks—penetrating the depths of ravines frightful to look upon, or lighting up the summits of lofty mountains untouched by solemnity? None but the insensible.

The annexed extract from a letter by a friend dated at Niagara Falls will show the feelings he underwent in viewing that magnificent spectacle under the influence of moonlight.

"It is now midnight. I have been abroad viewing Nature in her majesty, and my feelings are deeply impressed with a sense of reverence and wonder. My power of language is too weak to convey even a faint idea of the emotions which crowd upon me; I am filled with awe and admiration so strong and overwhelming that words can give them no expression.

"The moon is up in the heavens; not a cloud obscures her brilliancy, and she pours a stream of rich light upon the mighty waters, which rush from rock to rock, leaping and dancing, in her clear rays, with a wild tumultuousness, and a noise as if the foundations of the earth trembled. The great cataracts as they roll down from the lofty precipices sparkle and glitter; and out of the deep and dreadful chasm beneath, rises a bright and beautiful bow tinged with a thousand colors. I have been abroad viewing the scene. I stood long at the foot of the great fall, and as I gazed on the immense sheet of water, which, dashing down before me, rushed wildly by my feet; and saw, stretched over my head, projecting crags, which seemed to threaten instant destruction, I felt the blood curdling in my veins and a cold sweat stood upon my forehead. The frailty and insignificance of human nature shrunk before the might of Jehovah made manifest in the grandest, sublimest and most terrific of his created works.

"Silently and cautiously I ascended the acclivity, for a sense of fear and dread was upon me, such as no common danger could inspire; and, even now, though my feelings are somewhat checked and subdued, I cannot altogether soothe my excited spirits. When I viewed the Falls by daylight, amid 'the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,' I was struck with astonishment unmixed

with the stronger impulse of adoration. But in the still night when no sound was heard but the roaring of the waters, and I communed with Nature in her loneliness and grandeur, I not only admired but trembled, and in my secret heart worshipped. Let him who has ever dared to doubt the omnipotence of the Most High, visit these Falls when the full summer Moon covers them with her glory, and his unbelief will change into praise and thanksgiving.

"Imagination can conceive nothing more stupendous or more awful than these sublime works of a mighty God. The vast deep with all its countless stores of hidden treasure, and the high mountains, which reach far above the clouds, compared with these are but as dust in the balance, for here in a peculiar and emphatic manner the power of the Deity is present and palpable. In vain Man searches in his fallible philosophy for a solution of their mysteries; their causes cannot be traced, and all his inquiries are baffled. The pride of his heart is humbled, for in his folly he thought that his finite reason might unfold the eternal secrets of Heaven, and discover that which may not be revealed.

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"A few days since I was at Trenton Falls, and the scene there presented was wild, picturesque and singularly romantic. Never, indeed, had I experienced so full a knowledge of the beautiful in Nature, as when I looked down into the deep ravines, walled in with solid rocks, piled by the hands of the great Creator, to the height of several hundred feet, every where overhung with forest trees of an immense growth, which sprung from the hard stone:—the waters bounding from height to height, now rushing with lightning's speed, and again spreading out into an extended channel, at one time creeping through a narrow chasm, and at another flinging from the tops of huge precipices with a strength no earthly power could master, but beautiful and splendid as all this undoubtedly was, in grandeur and sublimity, it fell far short of Niagara."

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Do not shorten the long nights by slumber, nor prolong the short days by wickedness.



THE BEAUTIES OF MUSIC.

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague."

They undoubtedly entertain a very mean and degrading opinion of the polite arts who consider them merely as subservient to amusement, or, at most, to that cultivation of mind which *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*.—The history of the world evinces that they have all a much higher and more beneficial influence upon the dispositions and happiness of man.

Though we can no longer indulge, except for its poetry, in the ancient superstition which gave personation to the arts, and then held them up as divinities; yet we cannot deny that they are important auxiliaries to the worship of the Deity, and that they assume the most attractive form when enlisted in the service of the altar. Of music, in particular, we have always been inclined to think, that not only its best, but most sublime employments are in this way—and that it is never so well applied as when soothing the disordered passions into peace, or elevating the devotional feelings of the human heart.

We are not prepared to credit all that some of the ancients have affirmed respecting the moral influences of music; nor that

———"Things inanimate have moved  
And, as with living souls, have been informed  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

We do not expect it to quiet a mob, any more than to unite a broken bone. We are even willing to admit, that under any state of society which we have witnessed, or of which we can conceive, the refinement of the Lacedæmonians, in making it penal to add another string to the lyre, as a species of luxury, or an engine of corruption, is as absurd as it would be to deny to music any power over the feelings and passions of man.

\* Canus, a musician at Rhodes, when Apollonius inquired what he could effect by the means of music, replied. that he could make a melancholy man merry, a

merry man mad, a lover more enamored, and a religious man more devout. That it can soothe grief, and exhilarate the depressed spirit, who that has an ear for melody, or a heart to feel has not experienced? That it enlivens what was gay before, and can make even buffoonery tolerable, who that has listened to it amid the festival, or during a pantomime, will venture to deny?—To its martial effects the annals of war fully testify, and few are found so low in spirit as not to have felt a kind of inspiration of courage from the sound of a march or the note of a patriotic air.

The powerful influence of national or domestic music over the mind, is strikingly evinced in the instance of the Scottish Highlanders and natives of Switzerland; certain tunes, associated with their homes and country, being played in their hearing, causes so violent a desire to revisit them as to induce the deepest melancholy—even terminating in death when circumstances prevent their desire from being accomplished. If facts of this kind are too notorious to bear an explanation, which would lead at once to the most trite topics, what a scope must there be within the power of music, for effects the most salutary to the human mind—from the exhibition of the mere lively tune, to the sublimity of the anthem—from the insinuation of tender passion, to the excitement of martial ardor.

It is not surprising, therefore, that physicians and philosophers should esteem music as not the least powerful of the means calculated to exhilarate a sorrowful heart and to lighten and divert, if not to remove, those intense cares and anxious thoughts, which lead to melancholy. Music, remarks old Burton, is the medicine of the mind—it rouses and revives the languishing soul; affects not only the ears, but the very arteries; awakens the dormant powers of life, raises the animal spirits, and renders the dull, severe, and sorrowful mind, erect and nimble. According to Cassiodorus, it will not only expel the severest grief, soften the most violent hatred, mitigate the sharpest spleen, but extenuate fear and fury, appease cruelty, abate heaviness, and bring the mind to quietude and rest.

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**RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.**

Among the pleasures of the mind, there are few which afford more unalloyed gratification, than that which arises from the remembrance of the loved and familiar objects of home, combined, as they always are, with the memory of the innocent delights of our childhood. This is one of the few pleasures of which the heart cannot be deprived—which the darkest shades of misfortune serve to bring out into a fuller relief—and which the uninterrupted passage of the current of time tends only to polish and to brighten. When wearied with the tumult of the world, and sick of the anxieties and sorrows of life, the thoughts may return with delight to the pleasures of childhood, and banquet unsated on the recollections of youth. Who does not remember the companions of his early years—and the mother who watched over his dangers—and the father who counselled him—and the master who instructed him—and the sister whose sweet voice reprov'd his wildness? Who does not remember the tree under which he played—and the house in which he lived? Who has not returned, in sun-light and in sleep, to the scenes of his earliest and purest joys, and to the green and humble mounds where his sorrows have gone forth over the loved and the lost who were dear to his soul? And who does not love to indulge these remembrances, though they bring swelling tides to his heart and tears to his eyes? And whose ideas are so limited that he does not extend his thoughts to the days and the dwellings of his ancestors, until he seems to become a portion of the mountain and the stream, and to prolong his existence through the centuries which are passed?

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**SIGHS OF CHILDHOOD**

The harp of sorrow utters no note so deeply distressing, so thrillingly pathetic, as the sighs of childhood. Tears and cries are the natural expressions of their vehement feelings, and they speak grief as transient as snow-flakes in a sunny sky; but sighs are the language of a heart grown old—they are taught by blighted hope and chilled affection. What has happy childhood to do with sighs?



UPPER CHASM OF FALL RIVER.

**FALLS AT ITHACA, N. Y.**

WITH A VIEW OF THE UPPER CHASM OF FALL RIVER.

The high fall of Fall river is the first which strikes the eye on riding from the steam-boat landing to the village. Its height is 116 feet, and its breadth is proportionate. Two immense piles of rock enclose the stream, and on the right hand high up the bank a mill race is seen winding round a point of the bank, suspended in mid air, and now and then an adventurous visiter carefully treading his way along the dizzy path. This raceway was built in an extraordinary manner. A person let himself down from a tree standing on a high point above, and swinging over the giddy steep, he there dug out places in the rock in which to fasten the principal supporters of the race. The view from this point is grand and impressive. A short distance from this, up the rocky bed of the creek, the visiter proceeds until his steps are arrested by another splendid fall; the bank presenting the most curious forms, the most surprising arrangement of strata, and crowned with all the glories of forest vegetation. The fall is beautiful; it is not so high as the preceding, but it is more wild; the water pours over in large sheets, commencing as it were from the topmost ledge, and then spreading out widely and boldly below. The basin in which the water falls is also very picturesque.

Above this, at about thirty yards distance, is another very much of the character of the falls at Trenton, where points of the rock intervene between and separate the principal chutes. This is a very interesting part of the route up the bed of the river, and by this time the tourist is willing to sit down and take breath, that he may proceed to the next fall that awaits his research.

Beyond this is still another, being the uppermost of all; a manufactory of rifles was formerly established at the summit. The bank here is barren and steeper than below, and the volume of water pours down almost in one sheet. It is one of the highest of them all, and is very imposing in its appearance. The five falls we have thus partially described have a descent of 438 feet in the

short space of one mile! and afford an unbounded variety of the wild and wonderful, as well as of the beautiful. The falls upon the Cascadillo are not less fine, though upon a smaller scale. We shall notice but two of these at this time. The one is an apparent chasm of rock, and falls nearly perpendicular; the edges of the bank are rugged and broken, coming close to the edge of the fall, and seem to confine it there. The tall pine, the hemlock, and the spruce, overshadow the amphitheatre into which the waters pour. A beautiful little island, well known as the Tea Island, is much frequented during the pleasant afternoon of summer by the ladies of the village, who there prepare the fragrant beverage, and do the honors of this natural saloon to the attendant beaux. The other fall on this creek is a bolder and a more striking one; it is a handsome sheet of water, and bursts over the ledge of rocks with great force.—Beyond this are others equally attractive.

The preceding engraving is a view of the upper chasm of Fall River.

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#### CABINET OF NATURE.

#### IMMENSE QUANTITY OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE;

*Or, Illustrations of the Omnipotence of the Deity.*

(Continued from page 86.)

In order to feel the full force of the impression made by such contemplations, the mind must pause at every step, in its excursions, through the boundless regions of material existence: for it is not by a mere attention to the figures and numbers by which the magnitudes of the great bodies of the universe are expressed, that we arrive at the most distinct and ample conceptions of objects so grand and overwhelming. The mind, in its intellectual range, must dwell on every individual scene it contemplates, and on the various objects of which it is composed. It must add scene to scene, magnitude to magnitude, and compare smaller objects with greater—a range of mountains with the whole earth, the earth with the planet Jupiter, Jupiter with the sun, the sun with a thousand stars, a thousand stars with 80 millions.

and 80 millions with all the boundless extent which lies beyond the limits of mortal vision; and, at every step of this mental process, sufficient time must be allowed for the imagination to expatiate on the objects before it, till the ideas approximate, as near as possible, to the reality. In order to form a comprehensive conception of the extent of the terraqueous globe, the mind must dwell on an extensive landscape, and the objects with which it is adorned; it must endeavor to survey the many thousands of diversified landscapes which the earth exhibits—the hills and plains, the lakes and rivers, and mountains, which stretch in endless variety over its surface—it must dive into the vast caverns of the ocean—penetrate into the subterraneous regions of the globe, and wing its way amidst clouds and tempests, through the surrounding atmosphere. It must next extend its flight through the more expansive regions of the solar system, realizing, in imagination, those magnificent scenes which can be descried neither by the naked eye, nor by the telescope; and comparing the extent of our sublunary world, with the more magnificent globes that roll around us. Leaving the sun and all his attendant planets behind, till they have diminished to the size of a small twinkling star, it must next wing its way to the starry regions, and pass from one system of worlds to another, from one Nebula to another, from one region of Nebulæ to another, till it arrive at the utmost boundaries of creation which human genius has explored. It must also endeavor to extend its flight beyond all that is visible by the best telescopes, and expatiate at large in that boundless expanse into which no human eye has yet penetrated, and which is doubtless, replenished with other worlds, and systems, and firmaments, where the operations of infinite power and beneficence are displayed, in endless variety, throughout the illimitable regions of space.

Here, then, with reverence, let us pause, and wonder! Over all this vast assemblage of material existence, God presides. Amidst the diversified objects and intelligences it contains, he is eternally and essentially present. By his unerring wisdom, all its complicated movements are directed. By his Almighty fiat, it

emerged from nothing into existence, and is continually supported from age to age. "HE SPAKE, AND IT WAS DONE; HE COMMANDED, AND IT STOOD FAST;" "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the spirit of his mouth." What an astonishing display of Divine power is here exhibited to our view! How far transcending all finite comprehension must be the energies of Him who only "spake, and it was done;" who only gave the command, and this mighty system of the universe, with all its magnificence, started into being!

(*To be continued.*)

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**THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF  
NATIONS.**

**OF THE FOURTH, OR ROMAN MONARCHY.**

(Continued from page 48.)

A government thus wisely instituted induced numbers from the adjacent towns to live under it; women were only wanting to ascertain its duration. These he obtained by stratagem. He proclaimed a feast in honor of Neptune, and invited to its celebration all the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The Sabines, the most warlike people of Italy, were among the foremost as spectators, bringing their wives and daughters with them to share the pleasure of the entertainments. While the strangers were intent upon the spectacle, a number of Roman youth rushed in among them with drawn swords, seized the youngest and most beautiful women, and carried them off by violence. In vain the parents protested against this breach of hospitality; equally unavailing were the entreaties and prayers of the children to be returned to their native homes. A long and bloody war ensued. Several cities combined to revenge the common cause; these the Romans soon subdued, and rendered tributary to their own government. But Tatius, king of a Sabine city, having by large promises prevailed upon Tarpeia, daughter to the commander of the Capitoline Hill, to betray one of the gates to his army, entered the city with twenty-five thousand men. As a reward for this act of perfidy she demanded what the soldiers wore on their arms, by



which she meant their bracelets. They, however, either mistaking her meaning, or desirous to punish her treachery, threw their bucklers upon her as they entered, and crushed her to death. The Sabines being thus possessed of the Capitoline, carried on an indecisive war for a considerable length of time, till the Sabine women interposed between their parents and husbands, entreating of them, that if there must be victims, they might suffer, on account of whom the war had been originally waged. At this affecting spectacle both the Romans and Sabines let fall their weapons: an accommodation ensued, by which it was agreed that Romulus and Tatius should be joint sovereigns in Rome; that an hundred Sabines should be admitted into the senate; that the city should still retain its former name, but the citizens should be called Quirites, a name till then appropriated to the Sabines only; and that the people of both states should be admitted to equal privileges. Thus did fortune assist the ambitious views of Romulus, who, in a few hours, saw his dominions and subjects nearly doubled. Tatius, the partner in his government, was, in a few years, killed by the Lavinians, when Romulus found himself again sole monarch of Rome in its enlarged state.

After many successful wars against the neighboring states, the views of Romulus were directed to regulate the internal affairs of the nation. He divided the people into classes; endeavoured to unite the interests of the whole by one common bond, and directed the labors of the client, as well as those of the patron, to the same end, the aggrandizement of the state.

When Romulus had reigned more than thirty years he began to assume absolute authority, and to pay no respect whatever to those laws by which he, as well as his subjects, were bound to act. The senate, displeased at his conduct, and alarmed at the encroachments which were daily making upon their rights and privileges, found means to free themselves from his dominion. The precise manner of his death was never known, but so highly was he revered by the people at large, that the senate were obliged to persuade the multitude that he was taken up into heaven. Thus the

man whom they could no longer endure as a king, they were contented to worship as a god.

Under the successors of Romulus the power of the state was increased, and the boundaries of her dominions extended.

Numa Pomilius was elected second king of Rome in the year 714 B. C. At first he resisted the solicitations of his friends, and refused the sovereign dignity. Overcome, at length, by their entreaties and prayers, he accepted the crown, and applied himself to the instruction and civilization of his subjects. During the whole of his reign he lived at peace with the neighboring states, and exerted all his powers in inspiring his subjects with a love of piety, and a veneration for the Deity. He built many temples, and so far discouraged idol worship, that it was not resumed again in the city for more than one hundred and sixty years after his reign.

For the encouragement of agriculture, he presented the poorer classes of the people with the land gained by the conquests of his predecessor: he softened the rigor of the laws, prevented the father from selling his son after marriage, judging it unjust that a woman who had married a freeman should be constrained to live with a slave: he regulated the calendar, making the year to consist of twelve months instead of ten; and he brought about a more perfect union between the Romans and Sabines. At the age of eighty-three years, after having reigned forty-three years in profound peace, he died, greatly regretted by his countrymen

(To be continued.)

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#### DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

##### THE GNAT.

There are few insects with whose form we are better acquainted than that of the gnat. It is to be found in all latitudes and climates; as prolific in the polar as in the equatorial regions. In 1736 they were so numerous, and were seen to rise in such clouds from Salisbury cathedral, that they looked like columns of smoke, and frightened the people, who thought the building was on fire. In 1766, they appeared at Oxford, Eng.

in the form of a thick black cloud; six columns were observed to ascend the height of fifty or sixty feet. Their bite was attended with alarming inflammation. To some appearances of this kind the poet Spencer alludes, in the following beautiful simile:—

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
Their murmuring small trumpets sownden wide,  
Whiles in the air their clust'ring army flies,  
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies;  
No man nor beast may rest or take repast,  
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,  
Till the fierce northern wind, with blustering blast,  
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

In Lapland their numbers have been compared to a flight of snow when the flakes fall thickest, and the minor evil of being nearly suffocated by smoke is endured to get rid of these little pests.

The instrument with which they inflict their tor-  
tures, simple as it appears to the eye, is nevertheless  
wonderfully complicated and ingenious: it forms a set  
of lancets, consisting of five pieces, enclosed in a case.  
This case is split from one end to the other, and, as the  
creature sucks, it serves to give steadiness to the instru-  
ments, while they are thrust forward into our flesh. In  
the first figure (*fig. 1*.) the lancets alone are seen enter-



ing, and their case forms an arc, supporting them. In the second, (*fig 2*.) the lancets are perceived to have penetrated more deeply while the case, not entering, is seen to form an angle.

In order to see the whole process of suction, Reaumur courted what most others sedulously shun—a sting or two: "After a gnat had done me the kindness of settling on the hand I stretched out, I saw that it protruded a very fine point from its proboscis, with the

extremity of which it felt four or five spots of my skin. It would appear that it knows where it can pierce through most easily, and reach a large blood-vessel. Having selected a spot for its operations, it soon causes the sufferer to feel its sting." The *fine point* when magnified presents the following formidable picture,



of which some of the detached pieces seem admirably fitted for the gnat's purpose and our annoyance. It is not however, the introduction of these points, which, when combined, are as much less in size than the finest needle, as that is than a sword, that causes the irritation which, when extended over the limb, has in some cases rendered amputation necessary—the gnat introduces a little liquid, for the purpose, as Reaumur conjectures, of rendering our thick blood thin enough to be sucked through its proboscis. To allay the effects of this poison, there seems to be no better or readier means than sweet oil, which, if applied to the wound within a few hours after it has been made, will remove the swelling, although when delayed five or six hours, it has no effect.

The gnat undergoes many metamorphoses. If water be allowed for some time to stand still in a bucket, or if a quantity of that fluid be taken from a stagnant pool, it will be found to contain innumerable aquatic insects of the following shape (*fig. 1 :*) these are the



larvæ of the gnat; they swim with the head downwards, a position which, to most animals, would be fatal; they retain the longest tube, which is their respiratory organ, on the surface. In this state they live on the contents of stagnant waters, and change their skins several times.

After having thrice got rid of its skin, the gnat appears in a new form, for, instead of being oblong, it is lenticular (*fig. 2.*) The surface of the circle is vertical to the water. In this, which is its nymphine state, it is still capable of moving briskly after the manner of a shrimp, by expanding and elongating its body (*fig. 3.*) and striking the water with the fins at its tail. In this stage of its metamorphosis, it has no organ for food, and it seems to require none; but a regular and abundant supply of air appears indispensable; it floats on the surface of the water, and only descends by efforts made with its tail. Two ears may be observed sticking out at the thickest part; these are its respiratory organs, and afford a curious instance of an important part, being removed from one extremity of the body to the other during the progress of an insect through its different stages of life.

Its last metamorphosis into a winged fly is attended with curious circumstances. When nature has prepared the insect to change its element, instead of lying rolled up on the surface of the water, it stretches out its body, and by some mechanism, puffs up its corslet so that it splits between the stigmata or the breathing-horns. As soon as the fissure is sufficiently enlarged to make way for it, the head of the gnat appears in its perfect shape; but this is the most critical period of its whole life; up to this time it was an aquatic animal; now it has nothing to dread so much as the water. It has, moreover, the use neither of leg nor wing; these members are as yet soft, moist, and bound up, and it only protrudes itself from its skin, by means of a wriggling action given to its body. If at this critical juncture the water should happen to touch its corslet or abdomen, the gnat would inevitably and instantly perish. In such circumstances, then, it requires the prudence of an old gnat, at least, to escape the dangers which surround

the young one. Nature, however, has conferred upon the insect an instinct suitable to the emergency. As soon as it puts out its head, it elevates it above the water; and worming itself out always perpendicularly, supported only by the inequalities of the skin which it is about to cast off, with no power to balance itself, surrounded by an unfriendly element, it literally becomes a canoe, of which its own body forms mast and sail.



The skin floats, and when the observer perceives, says Reaumur, how much the prow of the little bark sinks, and how near its sides are to the water, he forgets at the moment that the gnat is an insect which at another time he would kill; nay, he becomes anxious for its fate, and the more so if the slightest breeze play on the surface of the water; the least agitation of the air suffices to waft the creature with swiftness from place to place, and make it spin round and round. Its body, folded in its wings, bears a greater proportion to the little skiff, than the largest mass of sail to a ship: it is impossible not to dread lest the insect should be wrecked; once laid on its side on the water, there is no escape. Reaumur has seen the surface of the water covered with creatures of this kind which had thus perished at their birth. Generally, however, all terminates favourably, and the danger is over in a minute. After having stood perpendicularly, it draws out its two fore-legs, and bending to the water, places them on its surface, which is terra firma for a gnat's weight; having secured this position, all is safe; the wings dry and expand, and the insect, quitting its natal element, mounts into the air.

It is supposed, that from the end of May to that of October, six or seven generations of these insects are born, and each gnat is capable of laying two hundred

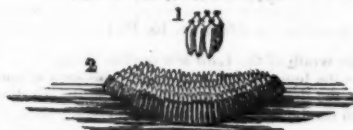
*Handwritten signature*

*The Gnat.*

*Gnat*

*C. Reynolds  
June 1908  
141*

and fifty eggs. These are found agglutinated into a mass, and swimming about on the surface of water: they are individually olive-shaped, the large end being in the water, the rest in the air. When conjoined, the



upper surface of the mass presents to the eye the appearance of an infinite series of points. In arranging and floating this raft of eggs the gnat displays surprising ingenuity. They are discharged one by one, vertically, and not horizontally from the extremity of the insect; for this purpose it generally fixes itself on some solid substance, such as the bank of the water, or on a floating leaf. Standing on its four feet it stretches out the two hindmost legs; these being crossed, form an



angle in which the first egg is laid; the second is placed next, and they adhere by means of a glutinous matter surrounding each. The gnat places them thus with the abdomen solely: when a sufficient number of eggs have been placed side by side, to render the base of the mass large enough to balance the height—for it is clear that a few eggs only could not float upright on so narrow a stem as they possess—the gnat launches its precious vessel, and fearlessly commits its cherished young to that little ocean which is fraught with so many dangers to itself.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

## POETRY.

## THE CURSE OF CAIN

(Gen. iv. 15, 16.)

O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !  
 Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,  
 Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,  
 It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And lo ! like a deer in the fright of the chase,  
 With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,  
 He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—  
 A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All nature to him has been blasted and banned,  
 For the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand ;  
 And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung  
 For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumbers shall start,  
 And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,  
 And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame  
 When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—  
 Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair ;  
 For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,  
 But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze—unregarded by Heaven ;  
 And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven ;  
 And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him bring :  
 O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !

## HOME OF THE BLEST

Know ye the land, where no pain and no sorrow  
 Shall darken the brow, or bow down the head,  
 Where no grief of to-day, and no thought of to-morrow,  
 Shall reach the glad heart, and appal it with dread ?  
 Know ye the land of the spirit of peace,  
 Where the joys never lessen, the hymns never cease ;  
 Where the friends of our bosom, here lost in the tomb,  
 Shall meet us again, ever freed from its gloom ;  
 Where the hearts, now divided, united shall rest,  
 And be healed of their woes in the bowers of the blest ;  
 Where the tear shall not quench the bright beam of the eye,



Where hopes here destroyed, meet fruition on high,  
 And spirits with spirits in love only vie;  
 Where the morn shall arise on the night of the grave,  
 And the arms that chastised be expanded to save?  
 'Tis the home of the just—'Tis the region of truth,  
 Where the children shall dwell ever blooming in youth;  
 Oh! dearer than aught to the sorrow-worn soul,  
 Are the dreams of that land, and the hopes of that goal.

### THE RAINBOW.

Sweet Mercy's symbol! oft I love to gaze  
 On thee with mingled wonder and delight,  
 While pensive Fancy wings her rapid flight,  
 To other regions and far distant days;  
 When first the aged Patriarch's dazzled sight  
 Was fixed with rapture on thy arch sublime,  
 As from the realms of uncreated light  
 A voice proclaimed that to the end of Time  
 Thou, beauteous Bow, a monument shall prove  
 Of pardoning mercy and unchanging love.

Ages have rolled away—Time's mighty tide  
 Has swept off countless myriads to the tomb;  
 Oft has fair Nature perished, and her bloom  
 Resumed with new-born strength, and vernal pride—  
 All on this Globe has changed, or passed away—  
 Cities and Empires vanished from the Earth;  
 But there thou standest, bright as on the day  
 When first the Almighty's mandate gave thee birth.  
 And such, fair type of Mercy, shalt thou be,  
 When Time is swallowed in Eternity!

### LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,  
 That would a substance seem,  
 That is, yet is not,—though described—  
 Like skies beneath the stream:  
 A tree that's ever in the bloom,  
 Whose fruit is never ripe;  
 A wish for joys that never come,—  
 Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,  
 A blank that will remain;  
 A waiting for the morning light,  
 When waiting is in vain?  
 A gulf where pathway never led  
 To show the depth beneath;

A thing we know not, yet we dread,—  
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky  
That every where extends,  
That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
In space that never ends :  
A morning, whose uprisen sun  
No setting e'er shall see :  
A day that comes without a noon,—  
Such is Eternity.

### SONNET.

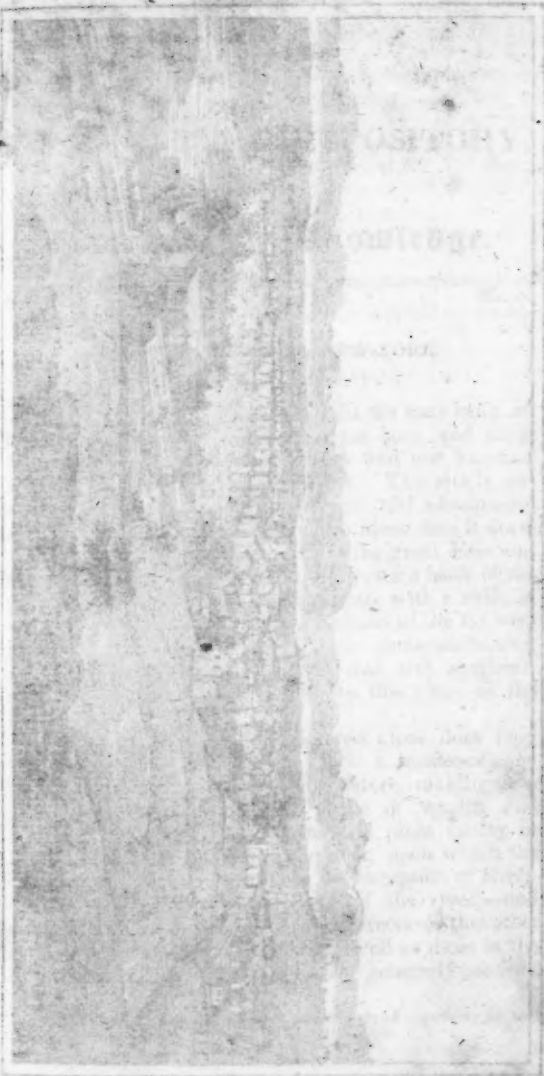
My times are in thy hand! Delightful thought!  
This will I wear as Memory's brightest gem:  
Thou hast acquitted! Who shall dare condemn?  
Thine, thine I am, by blood-paid purchase bought:  
Then, if I live, thy hand will trace my way;  
All things are mine, and working for my good,  
Nor would I wish to alter if I could  
One cloud, a sunbeam of my earthly day:  
Victor of all! The keys of death are thine;  
Sickness and pain, and dark-winged powers of harm  
Have lost, with me, the license to alarm,  
Thou hast subdued them, and the gain is mine,  
Thus, as on some high mountain top I rise,  
And sit above the clouds, and live in stainless skies.

### LINES.

The dew is on the morning flower,  
The thrush has charmed his leafy bower,  
The lark has pealed his choral loud  
Where hangs in silvery wreaths the cloud,  
The bees with saffron loads return,  
To store with sweets their waxen urn,  
And morn her upward car has driven  
Along the crimson fields of heaven.

To view thy works and not to know,  
Father! whose goodness made them so;  
To hear thy sylvan minstrelsy,  
And not to breathe a thought to Thee;  
To see Thy fingers deck the sky,  
With every tint that charms the eye,  
And not Thy greatness there to read,  
Argues a soul that's blind indeed.

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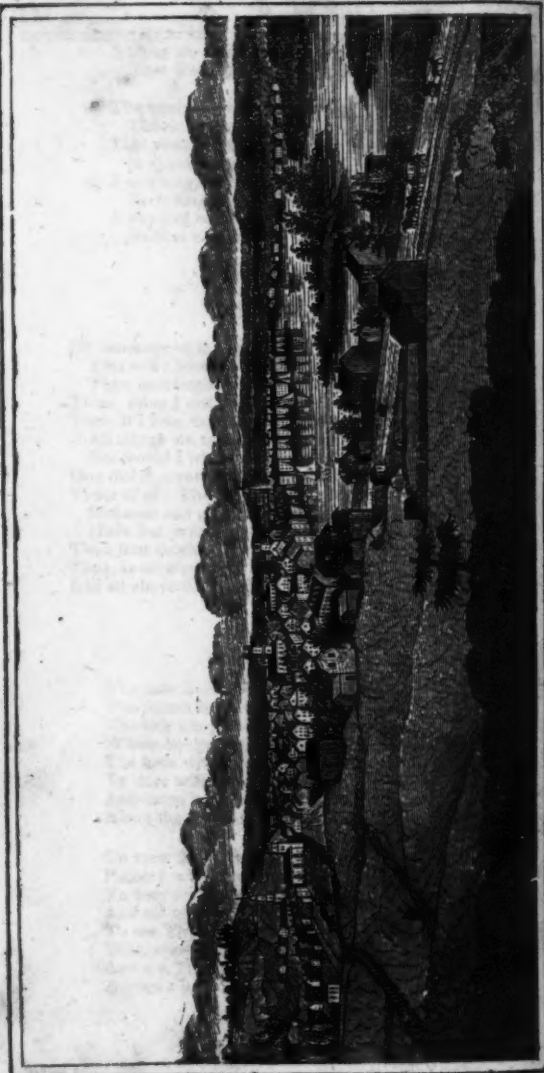


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A VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

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